Vol. III. No. 43. Total 147.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *October* 22, 1803.

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

(From a late London Publication.)

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. I. *Con.*

THIS intelligence distressd Mr. Evelyn exceedingly. After a separation of eight years, it was not likely that the poor maniac could know her child again: yet he believed it an experiment worth the trial, and returned home, determined to put his plan in execution as soon as he found his charge capable of attending him. The boy seemed much recovered, and well pleased with his new lodging, from which he expressed much apprehension of being removed. Mr. Evelyn promised he should stay some time longer, and asked his name.

"They call me Franco," said he, "at home; and I write my name Francis Edwards."

"Then you can write?"

"Yes; I got a prize at school for writing."

Mrs. Lucretia just then entered; her countenance was not, at best, of the most complacent cast, and she seemed greatly displeased—"Well, brother, I think you might spare some attention from this boy to bestow upon your own family."

"My dear sister," said Mr. Evelyn, mildly, "I did not imagine any extraordinary attention on my part necessary, while possessed of such an excellent superintend.

"Yes, truly," she replied, tartly; "there requires some one to manage, or all might go to destruction through benevolence, and charity and stuff. When my father, Sir Owen, was alive, he always said you were an alien to the family blood; and if you had not married a woman of fortune, and in some degree maintained your proper dignity, I fancy he would have cut you off from all inheritance.—But, now, there's Miss Georgiana; if it was not for my care, she might run about like a young kid among the mountains:—you pay no regard to her dress, her deportment, or any thing."

"You are wrong, dear sister I pay attention to her temper and morals, and find her all I wish."

"Ay, thanks to my management!" retorted Mrs. Lucretia: "and now, I suppose, you mean to adopt this beggarly brat, and bring him up in idleness and impudence."

"I do not design any such thing, Madam."

Mr. Evelyn began to be warm—"I have never been blessed with a son yet; I do not mean to choose a substitute of uncertain origin: my intention is merely to serve the boy by assisting his education, to improve his morals, and if I find in him any symptoms of genius or virtue, to foster them into maturity, to raise him from the refuse of society, and transplant him into a sphere of life, where, by industry and honour, he may become a worthy and respectable member of society; and sorry am I that my fortune, though ample, obliges me to limit my patronage to one alone, while so many claimants are to be met with, perhaps, equally deserving."

In pursuance of his benevolent intention, Mr. Evelyn had a new suit of clothes for Francis, who soon was so far recovered as to play about with poor Crab, who had long sullenly moped about in search of him. Susan, too, had changed her tone; and, instead of a "dirty creature," now thought Franco a pretty little boy; and he almost began to rival the romping Georgiana in her favour. Luckily Miss Evelyn was not of an envious disposition; and, so far from repining at the favour her father shewed the young stranger, she busied herself with alacrity to make his new shirts, and wished she had just such a brother.

Anxious to see the poor maniac, Mr. Evelyn one morning took Francis in a coach to the house where she was confined, without acquainting him he was to meet a mother. Mrs. Edwards was brought into the parlour; she appeared to be about six-and-twenty, of graceful figure, and tolerably handsome: her eyes wandered around without a single glance of expression; but no sooner did Crab enter the room than he rushed upon her with every demonstration of joy. She shrieked as he leaped against her, and burst into a convulsive laugh.—

"See!" she cried, shuddering; "there he lies, bleeding!—Go, poor wretch, lick thy master's hands! He was kind to thee: he is not proud; he will not shut his door against thee!" Then, holding her head with both hands, and breathing as if with difficulty, she remained sometime silent.

Mr. Evelyn approached her, and, gently taking her hand, said—

"And here is Francis; do you not know him?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, wildly; "where is he? The smoke blinds me—Safe! my child—Fire! fire!

Her outcries now became so dreadful, that the keeper was forced to silence her with a threat, which she seemed to understand, and soon relapsed into her former stupor; and Mr. Evelyn, despairing of success, soon withdrew from a scene so dis-

stressing to a feeling heart; and, after having distributed some money among the people to purchase their kindness to the poor sufferer, and ordering her every accommodation necessary, he returned home. The chimney-sweeper, for the sake of a few guineas, readily consented to resign the indentures; and little Francis became a student with Miss Georgiana, who had masters at home to instruct her in the various branches of education.

Miss Evelyn was a wild girl, of nine years growth; sensible, good tempered, and of pleasing person: her father's smile was her greatest reward, his frown the direst of all calamities; yet she loved to play aunt Lucretia a trick now and then; and her mischievous sport often produced a severe reproof from her father. The introduction of young Edwards now afforded her new amusement; and for a while, aunt Lucretia rested in peace, to the infinite discomfiture of the servants, who universally hated her and delighted to encourage the sallies of their young lady.

Miss Lucretia remonstrated with warmth against her brother's degeneracy in permitting his daughter to associate with a chimney-sweeper; but to this Mr. Evelyn replied.—

"It will teach her humility—chance may reduce her to indigence: my child shall not be disgraced; but I would have her estimate things by their worth, not by their name. Henceforth remember to call the boy Francis Edwards:—he is no longer a chimney-sweeper."

Mr. Evelyn could sometimes be peremptory; he was so then, and no one dared to dispute his order.

CHAP. II.

THE GENEROUS SOLDIER.

PASSING over the uninterested pursuits of childhood, we arrive at the period of our hero's being sent to a public school, where he made such rapid progress in his studies, as to leave no doubt in the mind of Mr. Evelyn as to his abilities. It was now time to determine on the trade or profession in which he was to engage; but this was a point not easily adjusted in the mind of Francis. His breast glowing with gratitude to the generous protector of his youthful fortunes, he suppressed every appearance of that aspiring spirit which seemed to kindle with his growth, and ever flashed in his eyes at the perusal of an heroic tale; and, to avoid the imputation of upstart arrogance, he stifled the regret that filed his soul when importuned by his guardian to name his future pursuit.

The person of young Edwards was adorned with every captivating grace, and his manners where easy, dignified, and insinuating. Such qualifications could not but adorn any sphere in life; and Georgiana, declared that he "looked more like a nobleman than her young hair-brained cousin Lord Clatterton." But this was an assertion totally repugnant to the feelings of Mrs. Lucretia: she admitted, indeed, that the youth would be well enough, if her wise brother did not spoil him, for he was civil, obliging, and well-bred; but, as for making any comparision between him and the handsome Viscount, she thought it both ridiculous and indecorous.

"Besides," she added, superciliously, "you should please to recollect, Miss Georgiana Evelyn, that Viscount Clatterton is of your own blood, by your mother's side, which is nearly as ancient as that of the Evelyns, who can trace their pedigree back through innumerable generations; and, notwithstanding you are by many years too young to think about marriage, it is expected that a family alliance may some day take place: therefore I beg that you will never again insult the manes of our noble ancestors, by comparing any of their descendants with a chimney-sweeper, whom my brother should have made his foot-boy, had he properly considered the dignity of his family."

"So, perhaps, he might, Madam," replied Georgiana, pouting, "had he known him to be of low origin; but, how can we his pedegree is not as ancient as our own? Besides I wonder, aunt, that you have not more liberality of mind with *your* noble birth, than to call the poor lad by that odious name, when you know that you are the only one dares to mention it!"

"Indeed, Miss, you grow very pert, methinks!—and I suppose that you imbibe your romantic notions from the novel you read the other day in my room, which that stupid girl brought me, instead of Mrs. More's Strictures."

"No, indeed, aunt," returned Georgiana, I am not weak enough to suffer a fiction to mislead my senses; and I beg you to believe me, when I affirm, that I consider a few interesting incidents merely as an ingenious fabrication to lead the attention through the probable contingencies of life, to the contemplation of virtues that may be acquired, without suffering romantic enthusiasm to mislead my judgment, or dazzle my senses."

"Ah! you depend too much on your own understanding. The senses are misled sooner than you imagine; and you are a foolish conceited girl."

Though this rebuke wounded the pride of Georgiana, it did not ruffle her temper: her respect and veneration of her father, made her ever behave with modest deference towards his sister; and the infirmities of temper which she beheld in her made her rather more solicitous to regulate her own, by stifling every propensity to petulance, which disgusts in youth, and, when encouraged, renders age insupportable. Nor had she ever, in memory, transgressed so far as she had done in behalf of the innocent object of her aunt's acrimony: yet Georgiana had a spirit that would not crouch to injustice; while good sense ever enabled her to cotroul it in such a manner, as evinced, that while she could stoop, she would not be trampled upon.

A few weeks passed away, and Francis came home from school; and Mr. Evelyn found with infinite concern, that he did not enjoy a good state of health: he grew fast, and a consumptive habit seemed settling upon. Georgiana was assidious in her attentions, and it was with the most tender gratitude that he received them. His mind was not quite at ease: yet he stifled his internal struggles, and appeared tranquil and happy. Every hour seemed to bring to him some new perplexity; and the artless affection of Georgiana, readily perceived through the medium of sympathy, brought an additional pang to the agitated heart of Edwards.

The season of fashion brought the young Viscount to London, with a blooming countenance, an athletic person, a generous heart, cheerful temper, independent master of his capital fortune and major in a regiment of foot, at twenty-four!——Such was Clatterton. He visited at Mr. Evelyn's with the familiarity which relationship inspired; and it was conjectured by some that he already regarded Miss Evelyn with a partial eye. When children they had been constant companions, romped together, and seemed happy in the company of each other; but a few years had wrought more change in the manners of Georgiana than in those of her cousin. Though ever cheerful and gay, she was no longer the playful hoyden he had known her: a modest diffidence marked her deportment; and she had a chaste dignified mien which never failed to keep presumption at a distauce. While only sixteen, Georgiana possessed the happy talent of attracting esteem and admiration by her arch playfulness and sweetness of temper, and commanded respect by the propriety of her demeanour.

Francis was introduced to Lord Clatterton as the orphan whose merits, as well as misfortunes, entitled him to the favour he experienced from the family; and Mr. Evelyn, in the course of conversation, expressed his regret that his indifferent state of health retarded his determination with respect to his establishment.

"If his constitution is so weak," said Clatterton, "it will be death to the young man to chain him to a sedentary occupation. Put him under my wing: I can give him a pair of colours in my regiment; and, if he must die, he may as well march out of this world with an honourable passport; and I hope his billet will be signed for good quarters: but, perhaps, air and exercise may bring him about among us.——What think you Edwards?"

The eyes of Francis glistened; and, bowing his thanks he said——

"I am fully sensible of your Lordship's goodness, and should certainly prefer the army, did my birth and expectations justify the choice: as it is, I must remain content in a less distinguished sphere; and feel gratified by the reflection of becoming an useful member of society, less distinguished, tho' not less beneficial, to the commonwealth."

"What an absurd fellow!" returned Clatterton, "I tell you, that you are not fit for the board of a mechanic, or the desk of a scribe. Whatever your birth or expectation may be, the army is as good a profession as any for overlooking such considerations. Some proud puppies may strut in scarlet, and hold their heads high; but true soldiers are all brothers, share one common fare, one general danger; and if a man acts with honour in fulfilling the duties of his station, a fig for other qualifications.—In the field, there have been many brave officers who had neither rank nor pedegree to boast (nay aunty—no prim looks!): there is courage amongst commoners as well as lords. As for money, I own you will suffer some inconveniences among us upon that account; but, if you will keep down false pride, and regulate your expences within moderate bounds, your pay will serve you. I will give an eye to your promotion, and see that you are not played upon; for I have taken a fancy to you, 'pon my soul!"

The impulse of the moment was the general guide of Clatterton's conduct; but Mr. Evelyn, unwilling to avail himself of what he considered a momentary warmth, changed the conversation, by enquiring after his sister.

"Oh! the gipsy is as wild as ever!—she writes me such rattling letters!—Egad! she is witty, tho'—and exquisitely beautiful!"

"Your Lordship ever deals in superlatives," observed Mrs. Lucretia. "It is a pity, if the young lady is so witty and so beautiful, that she has not some more steady guardian to superintend her conduct."

"Oh! she could outwit the *deepest*;—but she is parlour-boarder at a respectable school, and there, I hope she is safe. I wish she could cultivate your friendship, Miss Evelyn: you would find her a charming companion!"

Georginia, who much wanted a young associate, was gratified by the proposal; and entreated the honour of Miss Clatterton's company the next vacation.

Mr. Evelyn, imagining that what had passed concerning the commission was merely the chat of the moment, thought no more of the subject, till again importuned by Clatterton, who now seemed so truly disposed to befriend Ewards, that he could not but lend an attentive ear to his persuasions. Upon a hint from Mr. Evelyn, Georgiana withdrew with Francis: the worthy man then explained to his nephew the exact particulars of Edwards's situation; but, the warm zeal of the major overruling every objection, he was at length induced to accept his profered favour for his young charge. Francis, meanwhile, had drawn the arm of Georgiana through his own, and led her round the small garden, which belonged to the house.

"And, so, you really wish to leave us, and go into the army!" said Miss Evelyn.—"It is very ungrateful of you!"

Francis sighed.

"Sooner may I perish, than deserve the accusation of ingratitude!" returned he, passonately.——"Ah! Miss Evelyn, since I have been capable of reflection, my heart has cherished a sense of your kind benevolence too deep for my peace! I am overwhelmed with obligations I can never merit or repay!"

"I am sure that you merit all the kindness we can shew you:——but this horrid ensigncy will take you away from us——perhaps abroad; and, then all my father's cares will be thrown away. I hate Clatterton for proposing it."

"And I am oppressed by gratitude," returned Frances, "so much, that I am incapable of urging my wishes that way. I have, hitherto, been too happy in idle dependence; and, though I hardly dare to raise my expectations so high, I own, the least distinguished rank in the army would be to me a post of glory.——But, why this solicitude upon my account? Your generous concern for my destitute situation leads you to forget that we must no longer consider ourselves as companions. I have presumed too long already; and must retire to that humble and respectful distance which my station in life requires, and consider it the most pleasing study of my life to make myself worthy of your friendship and patronage."

Georgiana playfully withdrew her arm from his, and, elevating her head with a significant look, replied——

"Had you taken the trouble, Sir, to raise your eyes from the gravel-path, I think you might have perceived that you were talking to Georgiana, instead of Mrs. Lucretia Evelyn; to whom that elaborate speech, replete with humility and veneration, must have been addressed——But, here comes the lady. I will leave you to repeat it, or invent a new one.——Now, down with you eyes again:"—and away she ran, leaving Francis a little disconcerted by the exchange.

The prudent, lady fearing the consequence of a *tête-à-tête* at such a period, had hastened to interrupt it; and now, by her stateliness, petrified poor Edwards into a state of awkward inanity.

Mr. Evelyn, upon his return to the parlour, acquainted him of his acceptation of Clatterton's offer; and to him Francis expressed his most grateful thanks. He was to join the regiment in three days; and, in the interim, he accompanied Mr. Evelyn on a visit to his mother, though still in ignorance of her affinity to him. No change had taken place in the unfortunate maniac: she was still wild and incoherent; nor would Mr. Evelyn distress the susceptible mind of Francis, by revealing a secret that could serve no other end than that of depressing his spirits.

On the day of his departure, Edwards was presented by Mr. Elvelyn with fifty pounds; by Mrs. Lucretia with a long lecture of wholesome advice; and from Georgiana he received a little memorandum book, in which was a lock of hair, a ten pound note, and these words written with a pencil:—

"I Have so long been accustomed to consider you as a brother, that I cannot, at once, resign all the privileges of a sister. Accept this little offering as a token of pure friendship. You know that I have some influence with my father: in any emergency, *for such may occur*, when you may not wish to consult him, apply to me; and depend upon my endeavour to serve you.

"GEORGIANA."

Francis would have refused the present which he feared would inconvenience his kind friend; but she appeared so much hurt by a hint of the kind, that he was obliged to comply; and he departed with the blessing and good wishes of the whole family.

(To be continued.)

On the Legitimate and Fashionable Uses of the word

STYLE.

IN considering the different meanings of the word *Style*, I shall first arrange those which are admitted into approved authors, and then those which are common in conversation and the language of fashion.

Style, in *dialling*, denotes the gnomon or cock of a dial, raised on the plane thereof to project a shadow.

Style, in *botany*, is that part which elevates the stigma from the germen, in order to receive the influence of the stamina, and to convey the effects down to the germen as thro' a tube.

Style, in *language*, is the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the order in which they are there produced.

Style, in *jurisprudence*, is the particular form or manner of proceeding in each court of jurisdiction, agreeable to the rules and orders established therein.

Style, in *music*, denotes a peculiar manner of singing, playing, or composing; being properly the manner that each person has of playing, singing, or teaching; which is very different both in respect of different geniuses, of countries, nations, and of the different matters, places, times, subjects, passions, expressions, &c. Thus we say, the style of Palestrina, of Lully, of Corelli, of Handel, &c. the style of the Italians, French, Spaniards, &c.

Old Style, the Julian method of computing time.

New Style, the Gregorian method of computing the same.

These seven may be termed the legitimate uses of the word *Style*. Those which are more common in conversation, and particularly in the language of fashion, are perhaps fully as numerous, tho' I am not certain that I shall be able to recollect them all. However let us begin with

A *style* of *living*; and this is confined to the great, and those immediately under the great. As to the poor, nobody talks of their style, nor are they allowed to have any style of living. The style of living among the wealthy, and those who imitate them, consists principally in providing entertainments which are more costly than usual, in dining two or three hours after the rest of the world, in having a retinue of servants for show, a suitable equipage, and at least two houses,—one in the city and one in the country.

In the style of living, the essence consists in having fruit before it is in season, in seeing more company than the house will hold, and preferring many hundred acquaintances to a few select friends. Also in avoiding what is common, cheap, and therefore accessible by the vulgar.

A *style* of *dress*, is so various and changeable, that it is difficult to describe it with any degree of accuracy. Indeed any particular style of dress seldom stays long enough to have its portrait taken. The changes are so frequent, and so generally from one extreme to another, that it is somewhat difficult to catch a mode. At one time, heads rise in cupolas, at another in pyramids. Sometimes petticoats are lengthened, and sometimes they are shortened; sometimes there is no waist, and sometimes all waist; sometimes stockings without boots, and sometimes boots without stockings; sometimes hats of immense dimensions, and cocked with a most fierce and soldierlike aspect, at other times a brim of not an inch in breadth; sometimes a whole great coat, and sometimes half a coat. But endless are these varieties, yet each, for the time being, is the *style* of *dress*,

We have also a *style* of *riding*; and this sometimes depends upon the man and sometimes upon the horse. There is not, and cannot be a style in riding, unless the horse be *stylish*, and as horses are not yet made in the shops, and nature is somewhat whimsical, it requires not a little circumspection to choose a horse so fortunate in figure as to be deemed stylish. As to what regards the man, that will best appear from the following advertisement, which I copy from a newspaper published in a neighbouring town, and which ought to be rescued from the temporary and perishable columns of a daily vehicle, and transplanted into a record where it may live for ever. It not only contains many valuable hints as to style in riding, but even my readers will observe that the author has a style of *writing*, which cannot be enough commended for its sublimity.

To Gentlemen who drive phaetons, gigs, &c.

"The advertiser, who has drove vehicles of the above description for many years takes this opportunity to inform persons of every denomination, who frequently ride in these open carriages, that he has a method almost peculiar to himself, of holding the whip and reins, by which the driver will ride with *ten times* more ease and safety, and the horse go regular, and consequently much more pleasant than he possibly can in the *common vulgar* way. The horse will also run with boldness, and great ease to himself and driver; carry himself in a superior *style* and dignity, and go at least twelve miles with more ease than he can ten in the *wretched manner* commonly, and, indeed, almost generally and universally made use of. Let any *unprejudiced mind* look with an impartial eye, at a driver holding the reins with both hands, either to turn his horse out of the way of a carriage, or else to cross the road, or turn round a sharp corner, and the lash of his whip at the same time hanging over the left wheel, by which means many hundred gigs, horses and drivers (as well as those who had the misfortune to be driven) have met with serious and alarming accidents. The fact is, in the common way, the driver has no power whatever over his horse, nor can he have the least use of his whip, which may be highly and absolutely necessary to flog off that which by design or accident ran against him. To do away these dangers, to render all things safe, pleasant, and expeditious, the advertiser offers his service on very moderate terms, to instruct ladies and gentlemen in the *true* and *rational* mode of driving, whereby we will engage, with one hand only, to turn a horse in a chaise, gig, &c. *five hundred times* round a circle of *fifteen yards* in diameter, and have his whip in his right hand, ready to flog off those, who either through *ignorance* or *impudence* will not keep the proper side. Address a line, &c. &c.

"Note—Horses of the *foulest restive tempers* made as gentle as *lambs*, and taught to run in gigs, &c. in a *grand style!*"

After so happy an elucidation of *style* in *riding* as this, it would be unnecessary, perhaps impertinent in me, to say one word more on the subject, I shall but briefly add, that we hear often of a style of *building*, which in a metropolis, at least, is extremely various. A style of *preaching*, which means somewhat unconnected either with language or subject—a style of *setting out a table*, which all good housewives know, or ought to know—a style of *acting*, which the playhouse critics are acquainted with, and a style of *criticism* which belongs to critics exclusively. Nay, the other day, I was told of one gentleman who had a style of

taking snuff peculiar to himself, and of another, who had a style of *coughing* that was very offensive. The footmen of great people, likewise, have a style of *knocking* at doors, which little people can never imitate.—But I trust I have said enough to show the various senses of one little word in our language.

Agricultural.

A RECEIPT

To make an excellent American Wine.

Communicated to the Burlington Society for promoting Agriculture and Domestic Manufactures, by JOSEPH COOPER, esq. of Gloucester county, (N. J.)

"I PUT a quantity of the comb, from which the honey had been drained, into a tub, to which I added a barrel of cider, immediately from the press; this mixture was well stirred, and so left to soak for one night. It was then strained, before a fermentation took place; and honey was added, until the strength of the liquor was sufficient to bear an egg. It was then put into a barrel, and after the fermentation commenced, the cask was filled every day for three or four days, that the filth might work out of the bung-hole. When the fermentation moderated, I put the bung in loosely, lest stopping it tight might cause the cask to burst. At the end of five or six weeks, the liquor was drawn off into a tub, and the whites of eggs, well beat up, with a pint of clean sand, were put into it; I then added a gallon of cider spirits, and after mixing the whole well together, I returned it into the cask, which was well cleaned, bunged it tight, and placed it in a proper situation for racking off when fine. In the month of April following, I drew it off into kegs, for use, and found it equal, in my opinion, to almost any foreign wine—In the opinion of many judges, it was superior.

"This success has induced me to repeat the experiment for three years: and I am persuaded, that, by using the clean honey, instead of the comb, as above described, such an improvement might be made, as would enable the citizens of the United States to supply themselves with a truly federal and wholesome Wine, which would not cost one quarter of a dollar per gallon, were all the ingredients procured at the market price; and would have this peculiar advantage over every other wine hitherto attempted in this country, that it contains no foreign mixture, but is made from ingredients produced on our own farms.

"*By order of the Society,*
WM. COX, Jun. *Sec'ry.*

FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

IT is a just adage, that "necessity is the mother of invention." While a country is thinly settled, and land is more plenty than labourers, it is always, in a general view, poorly cultivated. But when an agricultural people are compressed together within narrow limits, necessity urges them to expedients, which, but for the confinedness of their situation, would never have occurred to their minds.

The Mexicans who border on Louisiana, after they were driven, sometime in the 14th century, from their native country, and were subdued by the Colhuan and Tepenacan nations, and confined to the miserable islands on the lake Terzuco, were taught to form moveable gardens, which floated upon the waters of the lake. The method in which they constructed and managed these gardens, is thus described by the Abbe Clavigero in his history of Mexico.

"They plait and twist willows and roots of marsh plants, or other materials together, which are light, but capable of supporting the earth of the garden firmly united. On this foundation they lay the little bushes which float on the lake; and, over all, the mud and dirt which they draw up from the bottom of the lake. Their regular figure is quadrangler, their length and breadth various; but as far as we can judge, they are about 8 perches long, and not more than 3 in breadth, and have less than a foot of elevation above the surface of the water. These were the first fields which the Mexicans owned after the foundation of Mexico. There they first cultivated the maize, great pepper, and other plants necessary for their support. In progress of time, those fields grew numerous from the industry of these people. There were among them, gardens of flowers, and odoriferous plants, which were employed in the worship of their gods, and served for the recreation of their nobles. At present, that is in the year 1780, (says the Abbe,) they cultivate flowers, and every sort of garden herbs upon them. Every day of the year at sunrise, innumerable vessels, loaded with various kinds of flowers and herbs, which are cultivated in those gardens, are seen arriving by the canals, at the great market place of the capital. All plants thrive there surprisingly; the mud of the lake is an extremely fertile soil, and requires no water from the clouds. In the largest gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a little hut to shelter the cultivator, and defend him from the rain or sun.

"When the owner of the garden wishes to change his situation, he gets into his little vessel, and by his own strength alone if the garden be small, or with the assistance of others, if it be large, he tows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleases, with the little tree and hut upon it. That part of the lake (adds the Abbe Clavigero) where those floating gardens are, is a place of infinite recreation, where the senses receive the highest possible gratification."

FROM THE VIRGINIA HERALD.

A Gentleman in England, not long dead, who was eminent in the literary world, had early in life, drank deep of the polluted streams of Infidelity.—He often conversed with a gentleman of his acquaintance, of the same turn of mind, in the hearing of a religious, but illiterate countryman. This gentleman afterwards became a serious Christian: he grew uneasy and concerned for the countryman, lest by their deceitful and artful glossings, his faith in Christ as his Saviour should have been shaken. One day he wished to satisfy himself, and asked him whether what had been so frequently talked of in his hearing, had not had that effect upon him?—"By no means, (answered the farmer,) it never made the least impression on me."—"No impression upon you! (replied the gentleman, with surprise) why you must know, that we had read, and thought, and talked about those things much more than you had an opportunity of doing."—"O, yes," said the farmer, "but I knew also your manner of living,—I knew that to maintain such a course of conduct as yours, with ease, you found it necessary to renounce Christianity, and as usual, deny the truth of both the Old and New Testament altogether. VERITAS.

THE PEACE-MAKERS.

IN Holland, when two persons are about to enter into a law-suit, they are at first obliged to go before a tribunal of reconciliating judges, called "the peace-makers." If the parties happen to bring with them a lawyer, the first thing done is to send him about his business, upon the same principle that we take the wood off from the fire which we want to extinguish.

The peace-makers then tell the parties, "you are certainly great fools to spend your money for the procuration of your own ruin—we will bring you to an accommodation without costing you one farthing." If after this the rage of litigation happens to be too violent in the parties, they put them off to another day, in order to miti-

gate the symptoms of their disorder: after the expiration of which they summon them a second and a third time. If their folly is then incurable, the peace-makers consent that the parties should go into an open court of justice, in the same manner as we abandon an incurable member to the surgeon, and then the law takes its course.

HUMOUROUS.

THE TWO JEWS.

Two old Jews, who go about the streets dealing in old clothes, passing by a gentleman's stables, were so fascinated by a couple of jackets, belonging to two postillions, that they could not resist the temptation of adding them to their stock in trade. While they were secreting their prize, the two owners returned from a public house, where they had been drinking a pot of porter, and saw the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Israelites, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain things which promised better sport than a prosecution. They then returned, tied the two Jews face to face, and matting together their two beards, smeared them with warm shoemaker's wax. As soon as the wax was cold, and a sufficient number of spectators gathered together, to view this fraternal Jewish hug, the postillions, at intervals, applied a few pinches of snuff, which caused such a concussion of noses, and such sneezing and sputtering in each other's faces, that while it inflicted the severest punishment on the thieves, the spectators were highly pleased with this specimen of distributive justice. [*Lon. Pap.*

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 22, 1803.

State of the Nation.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Washington City, October 17.

This day at 3 o'clock, the following Message was delivered to the two Houses of Congress, by Mr. Harvey, Secretary to the President.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

IN calling you together, fellow-citizens, at an earlier day than was contemplated by the act of the last session of Congress, I have not been insensible to the personal inconveniences necessarily resulting from an unexpected change in your arrangements; but matters of great public concernment have rendered this call necessary; and the interests you feel in these will supercede in your minds all private considerations.

Congress witnessed, at their last session, the extraordinary agitation produced in the public mind by the suspension of our right of deposit, at the port of New-Orleans, no assignment of another place having been made according to treaty. They were sensible that the continuance of that privation would be more injurious to our nation, than any consequences which could flow from any mode of redress. But reposing just confidence in the good faith of the government whose officer had committed the wrong, friendly and reasonable representations were resorted to, and the right of deposit was restored.

Previous however to this period, we had not been unaware of the danger to which our peace would be perpetually exposed, whilst so important a key to the commerce of the western country remained under foreign power. Difficulties too were presenting themselves as to the navigation of other streams, which arising within our territories, pass through those adjacent. Propositions had therefore been authorised for obtaining, on fair conditions, the sovereignty of New-Orleans, and of other possessions in that quarter interesting to our quiet, to such extent as was deemed practicable: and the provisional appropriation of two millions of dollars, to be applied and accounted for by the President of the United States, intended as part of the price, was considered as conveying the sanction of Congress to the acquisition proposed. The enlightened government of France saw, with just discernment, the importance to both nations of such liberal arrangements as might best and permanently promote the peace, friendship and interests of both: and the property and sovereignty of all Louisiana, which had been restored to them, has, on certain conditions, been transferred to the United States by instruments bearing date the 30th of April last. When these shall have received the constitutional sanction of the Senate, they will, without delay, be communicated to the Representatives also, for the exercise of their functions as to those conditions which are within the powers vested by the constitution in Congress. Whilst the property and sovereignty of the Mississippi and its waters secure an independent outlet for the produce of the western states, and an uncontrolled navigation through their whole course, free from collision with other powers, and the dangers to our peace from that source, the fertility of the country, its climate and extent, promise, in due season, important aids to our treasury, and ample provision for our posterity, and a wide spread for the blessings of freedom and equal laws.

With the wisdom of Congress it will rest to take those ulterior measures which may be necessary for the immediate occupation, and temporary government of the country; for its incorporation into our union; for rendering the change of government a blessing to our newly adopted brethren; for securing to them the rights of conscience and of property; for confirming to the Indian inhabitants their occupancy and self-government, establishing friendly and commercial relations with them, and for ascertaining the geography of the country acquired. Such materials for your information relative to its affairs in general, as the short space of time has permitted me to collect, will be laid before you when the subject shall be in a state for your consideration.

(To be concluded next week.)

ELECTION

For the City and County of Philadelphia.

Senator—Edward Heston.

Assembly for the County—Thomas Davis, Jacob Holgate, James Engle, J. Goodman, jun. John Harrison, Casper Synder.

Sheriff—John Barker.

County Commissioner—Thomas Bradley.

Mathew Lawler, esq. is re-elected Mayor.

Robert Patterson is elected President, and John L. Lieb, Clerk of the Select Council.

Thomas Leiper, President, and Samuel Holmes, Clerk, of the Common Council.

Health of the City.

It is with great satisfaction, that we are enabled to announce the disappearance of the Fever in the City and Liberties. Only one suspicious case, and one of several days illness, had been reported to the Board of Health from the 14th to the 18th inst. In consequence of this favourable aspect of the health of the city, and other concurring circumstances, the following notice was issued by the Board:

Philadelphia, October 19, 1803.

The Board of Health are happy in being able to announce to the public, the disap-

pearance of the malignant fever, which lately prevailed in certain parts of Philadelphia. From the best information they have been able to collect for several days past, they believe the city and liberties to be as free from disease at present, as they have ever known them at any season of the year. Persons in the country, who have business to transact in Philadelphia, may enter it now in perfect security.

The Board recommend to their fellow-citizens, whose houses have been for some time shut up, not to return to them with their families, till after they shall have been well ventilated, and fires kept burning for a day or two in the different apartments.

From and after this date, Bills of Health will be issued as usual.

WM. T. DONALDSON.
President.

FELIX PASCALIS, *Sec'ry.*

There has been no admissions at the City Hospital for several days, and only two or three have died. Seven patients remain under charge, two of whom are convalescent.

Interments in the different Burial-grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia —ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health)

	Adults	*Children*	*Total*
Oct. 15	2	1	3
—16 } —17 }	8	3	11
—18	5	0	5
—19	*(No returns)*		
—20	4	2	6
—21	6	2	8
For 6 days,	25	8	33

The small number of deaths for the week past exhibits the clearest evidence of the healthy state of the city; and those whose business calls them to town, may rest assured that all danger from any malignant disorder is now entirely over.

Bills of Health are issued as usual.

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

October 14. Twelve new cases, and seven deaths.

October 15. Seventeen new cases, and eight deaths.

October 17. For the last 48 hours—Twenty-one new cases, and eight deaths.

October 18. Twenty-four new cases, and one death.

October 19. Thirteen new cases, and one death.

October 20. Sixteen new cases, and six deaths.

INTERMENTS

In the City of New-York, of all Diseases for the week ending Saturday evening, October 15.

In the different Burial Grounds.

Adults,	21 }	
Childern,	18 }	39
In Potter's Field,		68
		107

Of these there died of the epidemic, as appears by the daily reports of the Health Committee, 66—Of other diseases, 41.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 17th inst. at sun-rise—Adults, 11; Children, 8—Total, 29.

FEVER AT ALEXANDRIA.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

Oct. 13.—Four deaths.

Oct. 14.—No deaths.

Oct. 15.—Three deaths.

Oct. 17.—For 48 hours—One of a consumption.

Oct. 18.—Five deaths.

Oct. 19.—Seven deaths.

A Correspondent of the French Agricultural Society of Poictiers, recommends the use of the timber of the Italian or Lombardy poplar, as a preventative against the destruction of corn in quantities, &c. by Wevils, insects &c. &c. A series of experiments made by him on this subject, at first accidentally discovered, have been attended with complete success.

The Rev. *Ashbel Green*, D. D. of this City, is chosen professor of Divinity, of the College at Princeton.

PORTSMOUTH, (N. H.) OCT. 1.

Among the novelties of the present time perhaps few will be more entertaining to many of our readers than the following:—

Capt. Stephen Harryman having undertaken a considerable part of the 4th New Hampshire Turnpike Road, for his convenience built a house about 18 by 30 feet, one story high, which he erected on said Turnpike, with a large room for cooking, victualling, &c. also a chamber for stores and lodging, a convenient bed-room for two of his daughter's lodging. Being thus prepared, he set the said house on six wheels, to move to his work, which lay to the north west; he advanced with his team and drew to his work from day to day as he had occasion. After completing about a mile and a half, he returned to the place where he began, the remainder of the road which he had undertaken, lying south east. News of his removal spread in the neighbourhood, and a large number of gentlemen and ladies (not much odds of one hundred, about half rode in the house) collected, many of whom rode in the house thro' a wilderness where it would have been difficult 6 months past for any gentleman to have led a horse; the house was moved the above distance in less than six hours: his oven for baking was built on a carriage, and advanced in front, and a team with tools for carrying on the business in the rear. The greatest order and harmony prevailed thro' the whole transaction, and every countenance was graced with a smile.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 1st inst. at Holmesburg, Mr. *George Brooks*, Tanner and Currier, of the Northern Liberties, to the amiable Miss *Magdalen Green*, of Bristol, Bucks county.

———, on the same day, by the Rev. Docter Linn, *Robert Frazer*, esq. to Miss *Elizabeth Fries*, daughter of Mr. John Fries, Merchant.

———, on the 19th inst. by Francis Lee, esq. *John C. Coverly*, printer of this city, to the amiable Miss *Hannah Zimmerman* of Williston, Chester-county.

——, on the 20th inst. at Friend's Meeting in Wilmington, Mr. *William Paxson* of this city, to Miss *Ann Canby*, daughter of Mr. Samuel Canby of Brandywine.

Deaths.

DIED, at Lebanon, (Con.) Aug 30, Mr. *Ebenezer Tisdale*, aged 96. He was the first mechanic that manufactured Scythes in that state, and of which his own genius was his only instructor, and from him it is that all the skill now existing in this useful branch, in that and the neighbouring states, was derived and spread, as well as that of many curious edged tools.

——, on the 15th of an Apoplectic fit, Mr. *John Cummings*, late Superintendant of the Bettering House.

——, on the 18th inst. at the Woodlands, in the 82d year of her age, Mrs. *Mary Hamilton*, mother of William Hamilton esq.

——, at New-York, on the 19th inst. after an illness of several weeks, Col. *Sebastian Bauman*, postmaster of the city of New-York, in the 64th of his age. During our revolutionary war, Col. Bauman was distinguished as a brave soldier, attentive disciplinarian, and an officer whose theoretic knowledge and practical skill, as an artillerest and engineer, were held in high estimation. He was besides an honest and independent man.

——, in SCOTLAND, *General Smith*, leaving an immense fortune. He was the person whom Foote introduced in one of his comedies, under the name of Sir Matthew Mite. The General was in early life a cheesemonger, in Great-Queen-street, Linn's-inn-fields, but abandoned that calling to try his fortune in India, where he acquired considerable wealth, which he very much augmented by uncommon success in play, since his return to this country. It is well known that he strongly resented FOOTE's dramatic attack, and called upon the satirical wag for the purpose of demanding satisfaction. He began with an angry tone, "So Sir, you take people off."—"Oh yes," said Foote, who saw the danger which threatened him, "and I can takes myself off," when he suddenly retreated from the offended General.

——, at Aberdeen, (S.) on the 18th Aug. in his 68th year, JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in Marischal College.

☞ A Song SET TO MUSIC will be given with the next number—The absence of a number of our female patrons has occasioned its delay for a few weeks.

☞ Those Subscribers who removed to the country during the prevalence of the fever, or such in town as may not have been served regularly, can have their deficient Numbers supplied by applying at the Office.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

By allowing the following trifle a place in your weekly Repository, you'll oblige one of your readers.

TO LAURA.

LOVELY nymph across the way,
That looks so blooming, smiles so gay,
Are you innocent as fair?
Artless as your beauty's rare?
Or well appriz'd of what your doing,
Thus to meditate my ruin?
Do you really, Miss, not know
The mischiefs your bright eyes can do?
Ten minutes turn those eyes away,
I'll write you all I have to say.

In practice * well to act my part,
Requires, you know, a placid heart,
An eye correct, a mind at ease,
If ever I expect to please....
But while an angel-form I see
Thus present itself to me,
No wonder if such rays of beauty
Make me quite neglect my duty.
While my business, I presume,
Lies only in my *drawing room*,
Mine eyes, infatuate', turn astray
To gaze at LAURA *o'er the way*.
When at the lattice you are seen,
An angel-form, an angel-mein,
Like a cherubim of light,
Virtue cloath'd in robes of white,
Charms that with soft infl'ence shed
Rays of glory round your head;
Where curling tress' on tresses lay,
Wav'd by zephyrs as they play,
My heart soft palpitations move,
Beauty melts my soul to love:
Mine eyes are dim by such a blaze,
"And I grow giddy while I gaze."

AMOROSO.

PHILADELPHIA, —— 20, 1803.

NOTE.

* *That of a painter.*

THE ARDENT LOVER.

COME, gentle Sappho, and inspire
My ardent soul with thy sweet lyre;
Let ev'ry love-sick string be found
In union with my heart to sound:

Yet while soft love consumes my frame,
Teach me, like thee, to bless its name;
And though the object flies away
Its form shall in my bosom stay.

Ah! what sad torture to endure
One doubt in love....how sweet the lure
Which first decoys away the heart,
Then leaves its slave to bear the smart.

But when the vital spark has fled,
Then should sweet Laura deign to shed
One tear of pity to my name,
'Twould recompense for years of pain.

W. C. D.

SOLUTIONS

Of CLIO's *Enigmas, in page* 336.

1. The glorious influence of the SUN
Is not to Earth confin'd;
His sway the other planets own,
And bless his empire kind.

First in our system, source of light
And heat and life combin'd,
He's the first image, emblem bright
Of the ETERNAL MIND.

ŒDIPUS.

2. Eight certain letters right dispos'd,
These syllables will stand disclos'd—
SNUF-FERS....which, tho' no light they claim,
Serve to improve the *candle's* flame.

ŒDIPUS.

SELECTED.

☞ A PEEP AT AUTUMN.

ISAIAH xliv. 6.—WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

By the late Bishop HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground:
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound:

"Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
Blighted when like us you fell,
Here the lecture we are reading;
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins! much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

"Griping misers! nightly waking,
See the end of all your care:
Fled on wings of your own making,
We have left our owner's bare.

"Sons of honour! fed on praises,
Fluttering high on fanci'd worth;
Lo! the fickle air that raises
Brings us down to parent earth.

"Learned sophs! in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call;
Cease, at length by us persuaded,
Ev'ry leaf must have a fall.

"Youths! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable sires! grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth unerring,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

"On the tree of Life Eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid,
Which alone, FOR EVER VERNAL,
Bears a leaf that *ne'er shall fade*"

THE FOUR SENSATIONS.

GRIEF.

BY pride and lordly power oppress,
The lost Bellario stands;
In frantic mood he strikes his breast,
And lifts his trembling hands.
Cold damps bedew his aching brow,
No comfort doth his bosom know,
For all is dark within;
"Oh! God," impatiently he cries,
"Shall Mis'ry's tear still dim these eyes,
"Nor thy dread thunders fall, to crush the pow'r of Sin!"

HOPE.

But, lo! his features change their hue,
His features with delight expand;
For "fabling Hope" appears in view,
With radiant form, and visage bland.
"Avert," she cries, "that vacant stare—
"Thy woes with temp'rate courage bear:
"In me, thy guardian, consciously rely:
"Dost thou not see, thro' yonder glade,
"Lov'd Happiness, the meek-ey'd Maid
"Advance; while Fear and Anguish from her presence fly?"

CONFIDENCE.

Now sweet reflection once again
Illumes the mourners breast;
He feels a short release from pain—
His griefs are lull'd in transient rest;
For Hope hath charm'd Despair away,
And fill'd his soul with visions gay—
In future scenes he looks for bliss:
Anticipation's hours are sweet;
He longs the welcome friend to greet,
To clasp the willing hand, and beg lov'd Beauty's kiss.

JOY.

But who can paint his sparkling eyes,
The flush of joy upon his cheeks,
When grim Misfortune quickly flies,
And yields him what he eager seeks?
Well pleas'd, he chaunts the joyful strain,
His fingers strike the lyre again,
And Memory scorns each care;
Loud Echo still the sound repeats—
The Minstrel's heart with rapture beats,
As each revolving note flies thro' the length'ning air.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 37th payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.*